

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Contents

EDITORIAL.	PAGE.
Notes.....	369
Consecration of Wealth.....	371
Lynch Law and the South.....	372
MEN AND THINGS.....	372
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
The New Light (verse), by MARIAN MEAD; By the Way, IV., by S. H. M.....	373
A New England Snow Storm, by SABAH M. BAILEY; The Czar's Oppression, by G. W. MILLS, M. D.; Danger at Sea (verse), by WILLIAM BRUNTON.....	374
CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.	
Tyndall, by REV. REED STUART.....	375
THE STUDY TABLE.	
A Sketch of the Apostolic Church; Ser- mons for the Church.....	378
Studies of Travel; Two and Two Make Four; Money Found; Employer and Employed; Newest Books.....	379
THE HOME.	
Helps to High Living (Phelon); Boxer and Dixie; Herb Molly; An Easy Place; Kitty Knew About Sheep (verse).....	380
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.	
The Western Sunday School Society; Sunday School Items.....	381
NOTES FROM THE FIELD.....	381
PUBLISHERS' NOTES.....	383
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	384

Editorial

*Should Wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere nought if only we discern
The one great truth, which if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.*

*That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubts and fears of men.*
—Lewis Morris.

LINCOLN, at the beginning of his administration, said to the man who came to condole with him on the difficulty of knowing what to do, "It is all as clear as a turn-pike road to me." The man who rests upon the eternal principles of justice always finds before him a turn-pike road. Whither it may lead he knows not nor cares much. He trusts it, and

follows it from this end, which is clear, knowing that it cannot lead him to a false destination.

THE best way to honor one's grandmother is to live for one's grandchildren. To understand her one must live as she did: in the interest of the present and in the hope of the future.

WE are glad to see that Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of the Boston "Church of the Carpenter," has been able to revive his *Dawn*, which now carries its message of Christian Socialism once more, and is a much handsomer sheet than before its suspension.

THE February *Arena* commends itself to us on account of the article on the Religion of Browning's Poetry by Mr. Savage and perhaps the still more timely symposium on the rational dress movement, amply illustrated. This is one of the emancipations much needed. When beauty joins with utility, as they do in most of these illustrations, the way of the reformer ought to be easy and the movement of the reform ought to be rapid.

DELIBERATION is one of the true methods of the philosopher. Mr. W. T. Harris is but little influenced by the hurrying spirit of the times. The last number of the *Speculative Philosophy* is the first to appear since September, 1892. This bears date December, 1893, and contains the usual solid material to the lovers of Kant, Plato, Aristotle and their modern interpreters and associates. The editor himself furnishes a paper on "Aristotle's Doctrine of Reason."

WITH each returning year the celebration of Lincoln's birthday becomes more and more significant. This is gratifying evidence that humanity still loves the hero and that the prophet is the man most loved by the race. At the Lincoln party of the All Souls Sunday school in Chicago

this week the following stanza was sung by the children in connection with one of their familiar songs. It is good enough to help out our editorial note upon this great-hearted son of sorrow and giver of joy.

And one there is whose noble life
Sets all our hearts aflame;
Who freedom gave a million souls,
And saved our country's fame.
O Lincoln, patient, brave, and true,
God's noblest, rarest type of man,
With reverent pride we speak thy
name,
The first American!

THE last appeal of conservatism is always to the historic sense. Any daring innovation or startling progress is solemnly summoned to confront the past, and a petition is sent up to be respectful to "historic continuity." But the surprising thing is that it is the radical and not the conservative who really conserves the past. As a matter of fact, it is the man with a forward look that lovingly turns his face backward to see what there is in the experience of the race to warrant his position. The autumn leaf painted in dying glories prates of historic relations, and pleads for continuity, but the new bud that is pushing its way at the base of this petition, draws its nourishment from the living past, and is so strong in the continuity that it is too busy to talk of creeds.

ONCE more we must call the attention of all who have business with us to the necessity of making remittances by check or money order, so that they may be protected against robbery or accident. Unity Publishing Company has been a considerable sufferer from postoffice robberies in the city of Chicago, and in addition to this its whole mail was recently stolen by an outside robber one Monday morning. If remitters would take proper precautions in sending money they would not suffer in such cases even if we did. But when cash, stamps or postal notes are sent, it is at the risk of

he sender, and if we fail to receive the money we cannot well give credit on the score of good intentions.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana in the case of Haggart and Rathwall vs. Stehlin and Heidt is, indeed, a very important one, since it gives the right to individual property-owners to maintain suit to enjoin a saloon which so far disturbs the respectability of the neighborhood as to affect the selling and renting price of adjacent property. Points in the case seem to indicate that the decision goes even further than this, but in view of the facts in the case the other points touched upon would probably be regarded in most jurisdictions as *obiter dicta*. We congratulate the friends of temperance upon this victory over the saloon interest. Those who feel interested may obtain a summary of the case by applying to E. M. Goodwin, Secretary of the Anti-Liquor League, at 70 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.

DR. ALBION W. SMALL, head professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, has just completed a course of six University Extension lectures, given at All Souls Church, on Sunday evenings. They have proved to be of remarkable interest. Dr. Small makes clean work. He blazes the way through a tangled thicket and enables one to make a straight road through the confusing wilderness of current discussion upon these subjects. His lectures are scarcely less a contribution to religion than to sociology, if, indeed, these are not nearly interchangeable terms. The churches reached by UNITY can do no better work than to give wider publicity to the words of Professor Small. He pleads wisely for a change of base in religion: less theology and more ethics. Christianity, he thinks, is properly an attempt to realize the kingdom of God here on earth more than in yonder heaven far away.

LAST Sunday an interesting experiment was inaugurated in Chicago. The various labor union interests and leaders have undertaken to establish what they have named the "Modern Church," a church without creed, collections, or pastor; a church which, at the present, will meet in Bricklayers' Hall, an attractive auditorium in a large building owned by

the Bricklayers' Union and situated on the West Side. The opening sermon was preached by the editor of UNITY. The plan involves Sunday speaking by representatives of all faiths, including Catholics, Jews, Universalists, Unitarians and Orthodox Protestants. The scheme contemplates the early building of a church that will be the headquarters of seven-day activities. The audience last Sunday was large and the projectors enthusiastic. Perhaps the dream is too high to be realized; maybe the cost has not been adequately counted, but the prophecy is most significant, and surely defeat in this high aim is better than success on a lower plane. We will watch with interest the development of the experiment.

WE have no disposition to pose as the Russian Autocrat's defender, and we can but sympathize with the indignation expressed by Dr. Mills on another page against the barbarous cruelty and intolerance of the Russian Government. And yet, without giving any weight to the natural prejudice of a susceptible man who has received very kind and gracious personal treatment at the hands of the czar, we feel that it is one thing to condemn the wrong and another to denounce the man who does it. We may well remember, as Hood has told us in his "Lady's Dream," that

—evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.

And we feel that the testimony of those who from careful investigation and personal knowledge are best fitted to speak of the Czar's personal character (many of these observers being strong and outspoken in their opposition to and denunciation of his policy) should give us pause, if, as seems to be the case, that testimony is uniformly to the effect that he is a good-hearted man and a hard-working and conscientious ruler. We confess that it is difficult for us, trained in the American school of religious tolerance and broad humanity, to reconcile the accounts of the man with his public actions. But for one thing we must remember that, however despotic the theory of a government, it is absolutely impossible that a ruler of a domain covering so large a portion of the earth and embracing so many millions of men, should be actually conversant with the details of administration; and therefore

specific acts of cruelty in the execution of a decree are hardly to be attributed to the Autocrat. But, aside from this, the chief thing to be considered is the narrow prejudices in which this wrong-headed man has been educated. Paternalism and intolerance are so much a part of the Russian atmosphere, particularly of the Russian court, that it would be little less than a miracle were the Autocrat of all the Russias other than a despotic bigot.

IF the liberal ministers of the United States will help us to the extent of giving a few minutes' attention each week to the matter, UNITY will do its part to put their best thoughts before the public in one of the most effective forms. What we propose is that each of our ministerial friends should select a nugget from his sermon of the previous week—that short passage which seems to him at the same time the strongest and the most capable of standing alone—and send it to UNITY, with his name and address, if he is willing that it should be published; the selection not to exceed seventy-five words. A few of these each week would be an attractive feature for UNITY, would give the minister an opportunity to let his light shine before men, and in the course of time would enable UNITY's constituency to gain a real insight into the minds and hearts of the religious workers of the day. We hope this will meet the favor of our ministerial readers. Of course we cannot promise to print all that we receive as fast as we receive it. Our space would not permit; we can only use a few at a time. And of course the selection must be made by the minister himself. The time that it would be necessary to give to the matter in UNITY office if the whole sermon were sent us to select from would be more than we could give.

IF any man can make truth, righteousness and love atheistic, then there is no God worth honoring in the universe.

NO MAN is an infidel who believes in a single virtue, church member or not,—and before that was possible he was a child of God; and any virtue practiced is a form of enthusiasm, is a letter in the language of worship, is the germ which holds in it the potency of an elaborate ritual. We have not to create a sentiment

but to organize and develop a sentiment which already exists.

THE new faith is not likely to die so long as it finds so much to do. The demand for it is everywhere. Give it the wings of courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and men will hear of it until the dire and irrational doctrines still written and preached are recalled and driven back into those obscure corners of ignorance and barbarism whence they emerged. L.

Consecration of Wealth.

While our papers are filled with grateful tributes to the philanthropist and capitalist, George W. Childs, it is a good time to remember the saying of Marcus Aurelius, "A man may live nobly in a palace." The story of Abraham Lincoln and the pine-knot fire is a good one, and it ought to be told so often that no boy without a whole shirt to his back will lose heart, but push on. But the story of the men of wealth, like George W. Childs and others, should be told so often that no son of pampered elegance will dare withdraw himself from the noble pursuits of life. Let none such imagine that they need not work. The extravagant sons of plenty need to be reminded that wealth brings its solemn responsibility. The outcome of the present sociological discussion will probably end in a consensus of opinion that accumulated capital, beyond a not very remote point, is a trust, and must be held as such if held at all with a clean conscience. And unless the possessor is willing to hold it in the spirit of a trustee, to be administered at his own discretion for the public weal, he is a defaulter to humanity and the Lord of the harvest. If he is incompetent to administer his wealth to the advancement of the race, be it inheritance or accumulation, he had better give some one who is the chance. If indeed he takes not the hint, the enlightened state may come in and demand of the unprofitable servant an account of his stewardship. The smart maxims of the exchange, which say "It's a poor man that cannot earn his own living, poor job that doesn't pay expenses, a mean undertaking that is not self-supporting," are themselves mean and untrue measures of the great work and the great workers of the world. It is a poor man, indeed, that does not in one way or another earn more than his own living; and

it is a mean undertaking that does not in some way support more than itself or its patrons. It is said that Gibbon paid more than £10,000 for the raw material out of which he constructed his great work on the Roman Empire. When Robert Browning was a lad his father, a man of moderate income, gave him a choice of setting him up in business or giving him an education. He chose the latter. Far be it from me to insinuate that poverty can extinguish the Promethean spark in a poet's heart. The deathless songs of Burns, the uplifting lines of Whittier, disprove the assertion; but it is quite safe to say that such poetry as Robert Browning has given us, poetry impossible without leisure, culture and travel, would have been impossible, much of it, had not the money-making and poetry-loving John Kenyon, a kinsman of Mrs. Browning, left, at his death in 1856, £4,000 to Mrs. Browning and £6,500 to Mr. Browning, in round numbers, about \$50,000 to the family; which, added to what was, at first at least, the very moderate earnings of their pen, rendered the remainder of their lives free from the carking anxieties about grocer bills and the problem of clothes and fuel. It was not given to John Kenyon to write much poetry that many people remember, though he tried to, but it was given him to enrich immeasurably English literature by the kindly way by which before and after his death he pieced out the brains of others with his money. His will contained the names of eighty legatees, most of them men of letters and of science, among whom were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Barry Cornwall, as well as the Brownings. What an example is this son of the tropic zone—for he was born in Jamaica, West Indies—to the cold-blooded speculators of America who clink their dollars as they smile their pity over the helplessness of the only men who deal in imperishable things, they who alone cope successfully with oblivion. The nations of the world have been niggard towards the only things that make ultimately for the glory of the nation, and most backward of all the nations in this respect is the United States. Norway has a small pension always for three or four of her leading poets, and the Ibsen she would scarcely tolerate within her own borders she has helped support all

these years with a poet's stipend while he has stayed away to sing the disgraces as well as the glories of Norway; he, of all her sons, making Norway famous, compelling the eyes of the civilized world to look towards her firds, her snow gorges and her liberty-loving peasants.

When France found that she had a romantic youth who had secretly enlisted in a French regiment in order to secure free passage to India, where he expected to desert and go in search of some one who would help him decipher the manuscript brought home by the East India traders, which nobody in Europe could read, the Government met him at the place of embarkation with an honorable discharge, a free passage to India, and a small annual pension while he pursued his studies. That was probably the most profitable investment made in that decade, if not in the century. By that little act it puts all coming generations under a debt of gratitude to it, for it brought to the Western world again the precious Scripture of Zoroaster and his successors, the Zend-Avesta, a grand old bible. England has a provision by which a sum never to exceed £1,200, \$6,000, may be expended by the Prime Minister to advance the cause of letters. When Matthew Arnold was drawing a salary of £700 as one of the school inspectors of the realm Mr. Gladstone added a pension of £150 that he might be more free to serve the cause for which he was so eminently fitted, and there were those in England who censured the waste. The Spectator, in 1883, commenting on this censure says, "It is the rarest thing in the world for the state to do anything for the poet, historian or discoverer. Still we are not without hope. Genius and service begins to be recognized by those who understand, and when the millions understand they will not be less grateful." It is said that in France little towns honored by the residence of a genius will move the market place or silence church bells rather than that he should be disturbed. This is true discrimination. In this country we pity a banker who fails, losing thereby perhaps a hundred or more thousand dollars; but what about the man who has started out to serve his day and generation, to tell the story of its heroes, to sing for it a noble song, to elevate its education, shape its institutions, en-

noble its life, but fails, utterly fails because the grim goblin of starvation and nakedness drives him to meaner work. And perhaps that banker has helped drag him down. Who is most to be pitied? Oh, America, America! when will you awake to an appreciation of your real wealth-makers, to an understanding of what true wealth is? Now your wealthy people vie with each other in building palaces and calling them colleges; building noble facades and putting a lot of things behind them, and calling them museums, art galleries and raising high spires and calling them churches. But these do not make colleges or museums, art galleries or churches. They are made of brains, of hearts, of souls. The only investment that will bring them is an investment in men, men with courage, men with enthusiasm, men on fire from on high. Shame on the college that seeks a "hustler" for its president, a church which selects a minister because he is a "good beggar" and it is in debt. No wonder that our young men run to foot-ball and our young women to the trivialities of dress and the superficialities of life. What a glorious advantage he for whom the necessities of the body are provided might have in the world! The inheritor of wealth may begin where his father left off, convert his dollars into ideas, change material wealth into spiritual earnestness. There is always a chance for noble investments in these directions.

Lynch Law and the South.

The *Independent* for February has a series of articles on "Lynching, Its Cause and Cure," with special reference to negro lynching in the South, which is worth reading, though we fear that most will put the paper down with the same prejudices with which they took it up.

As regards the question proper, there can be little question that Dr. Hoss's view is the correct one; but the question of justice as between the races is not so easily answered. There is little room for doubt in the minds of those who are most conversant with the facts, that the Southern view that the life-blood of the offender is the only atonement for the violation of a woman's person, has very much to do with the matter in issue: when a white man violates a white woman (with or without

her consent) one of her kinsmen shoots him; when a negro violates a white woman, her kinsmen in a body—that is, the men of her race—unite to hang the offender. Back of this lies the fact that human life is not valued as highly by the Southern people as it is in the North. Whether or not their conception of "honor" be a false one, the fact is that as a people they hold "honor" higher than life. This is seen not only in the matter of sex relations but also in the matter of indignities as between man and man.

It is a mistake to assume that the race question is at the bottom of lynching in the South. It is a very important element, of which we shall speak more at length before concluding, but it is not the bottom fact. The primary fact is that law and human life are subordinate, in the conception of the Southern people, to personal honor.

If a man has imputed cowardice to you, given you the lie in the presence of others, or called you by an opprobrious name, and will not apologize, or has tweaked your nose, *you must kill him*. Further than this, the Southern people are more *clannish* than those of the North. This is not only true of white over against black, or of South over against North, but also of one family as distinguished from another. The Southern gentleman will do more for his remote kindred than the Northern man thinks of doing. The Southern mountaineer makes his cousin's quarrel his own, and thus a vendetta arises. The Southern white man visits upon one negro a more severe punishment than would otherwise fall to his lot because of the indignity which another negro has put upon his race. Feeling that the negro race is far inferior to the white, and not having a very high regard for human life in the case of the latter, it is inevitable that he should hold the life of a negro in even less estimation. Thus the race feeling comes to play an important part in the sad phenomena of law-violation, but it must not be forgotten that though the part it plays is an important one it is still a subordinate one. This is seen when the large number of lynchings and other violations of law in the mountain section of the South, where the negro cuts no figure, is taken into account.

What is needed, then, is not vehement denunciations of the South for

oppression of the negro,—which denunciation, by inflaming the passions of both races, only makes matters worse, and which because it is in the main unjust prevents those who do in a measure deserve it from realizing its partial truth,—but a campaign of education directed against the mistaken and eminently unchristian notion of honor which is primarily responsible for the disregard of human life and the violation of law which cast so dark a shadow upon our civilization.

F. W. S.

Men and Things

WITH all due respect for brains, I think women cannot be too early taught to respect their own ten fingers.—*Dinah Muloch Craik*.

A STEAMER on rollers is the latest proposition in marine navigation. M. Bayin proposes thus to diminish the resistance of the water and to increase speed.

MISS KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS, of Baltimore, the author of "Mezorott, Shoemaker," is a resident for the winter at Denison House, the college settlement for women on Tyler street, Boston. She has addressed several organizations on "Modern Social Movements," of which she has long been a close student.

THE time has come when all religious denominations must affirm that no public moneys shall be used for sectarian instruction; the time-honored principle of the separation of Church and State must be again emphasized. If a church is not willing to support its own schools, it cannot come to the State for aid. I would go so far in the application of this principle as to be willing to see all our churches taxed as is other property. We have no right to tax unbelievers that churches may be maintained; no more right than they would have to tax churches for the support of infidel clubs. Our public schools must be kept free from the touch of ecclesiastical control. No church has a right to use ecclesiastical pains and penalties to control the vote of American citizens.—*Independent*.

WHEN Linnaeus first saw an English common with the gorse in full bloom, he burst into tears and fell on his knees and thanked God that he had been permitted to see so glorious a sight. The great naturalist had a passionate love for flowers, in illustration of which feeling a pretty incident is recorded. When choosing an object with which to connect his name, Linnaeus did not select any of the gorgeous flowers of the tropics, or the grand pine trees of his native land, but rather a frail, trailing herb that reared its tiny pink bells some two or three inches above the moss and fallen fir needles in northern forests, and gave it the name of *Linnaea borealis*, by which it is still known. This plant became his badge and formed the device on his bookplate, with the motto, expressed in Latin: "So deep my love for flowers." —*New Christian Advocate*.

Contributed and Selected

The New Light.

For if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

Long years—the slow-strung years of youth—a soul

Groped toward the face divine with eager love,

Yet blind in heart. For toward that blessed goal

Alone she pressed, her passion fixed above.

Though mortal men around her wept and bled,

They sang and smiled, they climbed to heaven or fell,

They clasped to heart the new-born and the dead,

They thought their thoughts, and heard their passing-bell—

Yet to her soul a single aim was known

Amid this stress of life; self-centered, still

To choose the highest, purest for her own,

And scorn what seemed not suited to her will.

"'Tis not of God," she cried, "this sin and strife;

Man, self-condemned, destroys his nobler part;

I love his dreamed-of glory; but his life—

Too sordid, low, it falls to touch my heart.

"The love of God alone can be my stay,
Of law that binds me to the perfect right,

I hear the voice supreme, and I obey—
Sweet star of joy that leads me through the night."

So all her faith but shut her more away

From the deep founts of life; though earnest will

For man's subjection to the nobler sway

Grew flame in her, self-choice controlled her still.

And, like the Grecian youth, she bent her head

Away from sky and sun to mirrored gleam

Of her own form, nor knew the image dead

A pale reflection in a lifeless stream.

Till that almighty love whose kingdom spreads

Its all-benign redemption boundless wide,

And on the humble heart sweet influence sheds,

In human form stooped pitying to her side;

And sudden answering love hath laid her low

In childlike trust—then to her eyes unsealed,

Heedless of fainting rebel waves below,

In peace the Rock Eternal stands revealed.

And in her inmost veins she drinks the world:

"Who hath not loved the brother he hath known,

Loveth not God—though deep his heart be stirred,

The sight of God on him hath never shone.

"Some fitful gleams were thine, that thou wert bold

To think assured light; for eyeless pride

Delights in dusk. But, lowly now, behold

The perfect day shall in thy heart abide.

"For the ensphering Love thou hast adored

As holy law for will, dwells not apart;

Through all men is the living spirit poured

That draws with chains of fire thy rebel heart."

MARIAN MEAD.

BY THE WAY.

IV.

There is one thing in common aboard a train of cars—and that is, destination. All are bound *somewhere*. If the distance be long, and it is understood that "this car goes through," the travelers going through settle down resignedly, if not comfortably. But there is a good lady or an elderly gentleman seated not far away who is *not* going far. The frost on the window-panes is a real hindrance to their peace of mind. The lady will scratch a little spot with her finger-nails, and then rub the place with the end of her shawl until she has at least a peep into the outer world, which is very comforting. For, if the conductor should happen to forget, or she, being a trifle deaf, should not hear him when he called out her station, she could by means of this clearing on the window "see for herself when she was nearing home," and "if the conductor did not stop the train, get somebody to ring the bell."

"How far are you going, madam?"

"Only nigh onto sixty miles."

"Oh, well, you have an hour yet."

"Yes, I know; but I'm unused to keepin' time on a train, and it's always best to be on the lookout when you are in strange places. I wouldn't miss gettin' off at Woolcottsville for a small fortune. You see I'm a Woolcott; an' about everybody's a Woolcott there, with now and then a Brown or a Smith sprinkled in. It's to be a great day there to-morrow. The new church is to be dedicated, and my great-grandchild that's to be

named after me is to be baptized. The whole town will be out, an' if I was missin',—well, it would spoil everything, for they 're countin' on me, and will be at the depot, a crowd of them. I guess they would n't allow the train to go by, not if they could stop it. They have to signal sometimes, or it don't stop, I'm told. I believe we 're gettin' there. No, I guess not either. I thought that was Josiah Woolcott's barn; but I see that it is n't. His has a gable on it.

"Woolcottsville is an old town?"

"Bless you, yes. Way back to the time of the Indians. My grandfather fought the red-skins a whole day and drove 'em off. He had several of the settlers to help him, but all allowed if Hiram Woolcott had n't planned the fight, and shown uncommon bravery, it might have turned out very different. He stood up face to face with the chief, 'Hawk-in-the-mud,' and held a parley. They all said the Indian's eye quailed. Grandfather stood six feet and two inches in his stockings. He was a *very* strong man, and never knew what fear was. The Woolcotts all have been a *very* brave family. It has often been remarked that I resemble my grandfather very much. But I guess my courage'd oozed at the sight of Indians. Mercy!—We must be gettin' near the station. No; that's Brandyville—and there's ten miles more to go."

"Any romances in your town?"

"Romances! Well, yes, I should say there was. It's all as romantic as a brand-new story. An' has been ever since the settlement was made. The second year one of the children was kidnapped, a boy ten year old. Nothin' was ever heard of him until twelve years after, when he came to town one day all in paint and feathers, bringing an Indian girl with him. They'd traveled a hundred miles to give a warning to the white settlers, and did n't know they were comin' to his own folks. But his mother knew him as soon as she set eyes on him, and made him wash off the paint, and dress himself in some of his father's clothes. And they dressed up the Indian girl who, it is said, looked nowhere near as well as in her own blankets. But she took to civilized ways, learned to wash dishes, milk, and iron and churn as well as white folks.

"Well, the Browns of those days were a *very* proud set, and had high ideas for their son that was restored to them. They looked for a match with the Governor's daughter. But they must have been a blinded set not to have seen how matters stood. Everybody else saw clear enough that Alfred and Oena were already's good as man and wife. As soon as Oena—what a sweet name—could talk English enough to make herself understood, she said their vows were plighted before they left the Indian camp. This was her story:

"Alfred and Oena grow up together; love like brother and sister; then,

love another way. Then, Alfred say to Oena.—'Go with me to tell the white people your people will creep upon them some night and slay every one of them. Then you will be my bride.' I suppose she didn't exactly tell it in those words, but that's the way grandmother always told it.

"Well, the Browns were in a towering rage when their Alfred confessed that it was all true. Said the father, 'I had rather have never set eyes on you again.' But the Smiths and the Woolcotts all sided with Alfred and Oena, and when Christmas came the Browns made the best of it and accepted the Indian girl as Alfred's Christmas offering. And they do say some of the noblest of the Browns in the country are the *linenal* descendants of Alfred and Oena."

"Woolcottsville!"

"The conductor kept a sharper lookout than I did after all. I do believe I should of rode by."

S. H. M.

A New England Snow Storm.

During my sojourn in Chicago this fall a friend said to me: "How I should like to see a New England snow-storm, and feel the restfulness of a Sabbath day such as I used to spend in my childhood."

These words come back to me on this Sabbath day, as I sit beside the open fire-place in our low-posted, wide-spread cottage home in this quiet country town a thousand miles from that dear friend.

The snow has been falling gently and noiselessly all night. Mother Earth, so bare and brown yesterday, now has on a robe of purest white; the leafless trees have a feathery ridge of snow on every branch and twig; the stone walls are fast being covered with a white frosting, and only here and there can be seen bits of gray moss on their white surface. The irregular apple trees look grotesque, and the neighbors' farm houses and outbuildings seem far away and indistinct in their outlines, seen through the whiteness of the storm.

Stillness reigns everywhere, only broken by the muffled sound of the "first bell" from the church tower a mile or more away, which marks the hour of half-past nine on a Sabbath morn. The bell "tolling in the people" calls in vain. No one passes our cottage. We must "look through nature up to nature's God."

I wish these who know nothing of the beauties of a country snowstorm, and those whose memory dimly pictures it, could look out across the fields, the meadows, past the evergreen thickets, to the hills and mountains in the distance, all white with their first snow. It seems fitting that Christmas should find us so, and that the many sleighbells should keep time to the merry music of the heart that every one should feel at Christmas time.

The "White City" (man's handiwork) had its beauty, its charms. So,

to the eyes that love it, the white country of God's own building is also beautiful, and brings a sense of rest and peace. I am thankful I have seen and can enjoy *both*.

I like on such a day as this to sit with "my own" beside our home fire and feel that—

Home is where there's one to love,

Home is where there's one to love us;

that it is not merely four square walls. Home can mean *so little or so much*.

I do not forget the advantages of the city, where one can listen to lectures, concerts, sermons, and be hurried along in the ever moving crowd,—the greenhouses yield roses the year round,—but who shall say that we do not enjoy our chrysanthemums, geraniums, and spicy pinks as well?

Down in the cellar, in a dark closet, with the fruits and berries (canned in their seasons) are my hyacinths which are to brighten our home by-and-by with their beautiful blossoms and fragrance.

We miss, indeed, the inspiration which comes from listening to fine music and the grand uplifting thoughts of gifted men and women, but as we could not have these we have taken comfort in reading aloud that wonderful sermon of thanksgiving for the Parliament of Religions, by M. J. Savage. We have sung and played in our modest way our favorite hymns. We have written letters to the dear absent ones.

About us lie scattered, not the Sunday papers,—neither was our morning rest disturbed by a news-boy's cry,—but the last magazine, our weekly papers, a book of Bayard Taylor's which we are reading aloud, *UNITY*, *The Unitarian*, and other publications which we value and which help to keep the channel to the outside world open.

We have sat beside the open fire place watching the many dancing flames from the white birch wood; even the large gray cat, sleek and shiny, has come in to curl himself upon the hearthrug and enjoy the warmth. The day has been one of peace and rest, such as many a wanderer might crave. When night comes on we shall pile the wood higher upon the andirons and let the ruddy blaze shine forth to cheer the passer-by, if such there be. Instead of shutting out the world by drawing our curtains we shall—

Raise the curtains, let the brightness of your cheerful light shine forth;

To the passer in the darkness

It may be of vital worth.

Give a glimpse to lonely wanderer of your household full of joy;

It may rouse to new ambition

Some poor, tempted, friendless boy.

SARAH M. BAILEY.

The Czar's Oppression.

During the last year there lived a few hundred inhabitants in the little town of Kroze, in Russia. They were a simple people. It did not take very much to make them happy. Their

wants were not numerous. By industriously tilling the soil the men made a frugal livelihood and were happy with their wives and children. These poor peasants had a little church over which presided a parish priest. As far as they could be loyal to their consciences they tried to be loyal to their sovereign. But their religion did not please the great Czar. Last November he sent orders that their chapel be demolished. The distressed people watched their church for a month, night and day, endeavoring to prevent it. One day, while worshipping, a strong detachment of Cossacks fell upon and overpowered them. Some were killed outright and some were drowned while crossing the river. Many were cast into prisons. All who were caught were flogged with the knout. Two sick women died from this punishment and were not allowed before death to see a priest of their own faith.

The man who ordered these atrocities is that absolute despot, the Czar of Russia. He is the man who persecutes the Jews. He is the man who tears men and women from their families and sends them away to endure the horrors of a life-long exile in Siberia. He is the man by whom a T. Dewitt Talmage was feted and feasted and whom the latter praised in a sermon with fulsome eulogy.

We do not know what you think of this sounding the praise of Russia's autocrat. We can express our opinion in short order. Rather than eulogize the Czar of Russia would we be banished from the presence of men. Rather would we bid adieu forever to father, mother, brother and sister. Rather than sing the praises of this monster would we lie down to our last sleep upon the cold, damp ground, with no friend near us to drop a tear, and with nothing over us but God's clear sky.

G. W. MILLS, M. D.

IN the little book "Pensees," by the Queen of Roumania, she says: "It is better to have a physician for a confessor than a priest. You tell the priest that you detest mankind; he answers, 'You are not a Christian.' The physician gives you a dose of rhubarb, and you love your fellow-being. You tell the priest that you are tired of living. He answers 'Suicide is a crime.' The physician gives you a stimulant, and immediately you feel life supportable."

"JOHNNY, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Danger at Sea.

Relics of wreck drift on the deep,

Dark threats of death to ships of state;

No chart their whereabouts can keep,

So dynamite must be their fate:

But worse than these are wrecks of creed,

That perished in past storm of years;

Still God's broad highway they impede,

And are a source of woe and tears.

From port of present truth we sail

To cross with joy Hope's boundless sea;

While ships with wind and tide prevail,

God save where drifting hulks may be!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Church-Door Pulpit

Tyndall.

A SERMON BY REV. REED STUART.

The law of the Lord is perfect.—*Hebrew poetry.*
 Whatsoever things are true.—*New Testament.*

The recent death of Tyndall, whose fame as a writer upon natural science and its relation to life and religion is world-wide, is sufficient in itself to arrest attention.

In our commercial and rapid age common events soon fade from view. We are like persons flying along in a railway train when objects follow each other in such quick succession that one soon erases the memory of another. In the old days, when emigrants followed a trail to California, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains would be in sight for weeks. Now a few hours are sufficient to carry the traveler beyond the point where they first appear on the one side until the point is reached where they disappear on the other. So are we being rapidly hurried forward by our flying age past many great events. Not much time is given for them to make an impression upon us. Even the great persons who seem so indispensable while they are with the world, are soon forgotten by it. It would surprise any one who would sit down and recall the long list of those who have made the latter half of this century glorious, with whom most of us now present have lived as contemporaries, who have disappeared from our sight. Writers, scientists, statesmen, warriors, how many of them whose names were sky-piercing a few years ago have now disappeared from our view.

It may be that these hurrying times are not wholly to blame for our forgetfulness. It may be that nature has made provision that no names should be so great as to hide humanity, or to give them a title upon all the future. The earth must be swept clean to make room for new forms of greatness. However this may be, the great do pass away. The younger Antonine in his day said that "great men, like great languages go out of fashion. Those who have been the wonder of their age and who shone with unusual luster soon become as a tale that is told and are swallowed up in oblivion. All this is Nature's method and Nature never does any mischief." It was easy to forget the dead in Shakspeare's time, for Hamlet expresses surprise that the King who had been dead two months was not forgotten, and he indulged the hope that a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year, that is, if he would build churches. In that weird story of Phra, the Phœnician, as often as the hero returned to life he wondered that the kings and warriors and lovers whom he had known before had so completely faded from remembrance. Each age, however, is sufficient to itself, and furnishes

the kind of means needed to effect its purpose. Hence, when the great die we will mourn their loss, but we will not be hopeless, for we are assured that each coming emergency will meet its master. For every star that sets in the west another will rise in the east.

The great eloquence of Massillon was often employed in pronouncing funeral orations over France's royalty. Sometimes the discourse was much greater than the person whose praise was celebrated by it. As the river is more majestic than that which floats upon its surface, so often the on-rolling stream of eloquence was much grander than the king or count or ecclesiastic whose name was carried along by it. If this orator were present now such things would not occur. The theme would be equal to his greatest sentences. It would become a river which would easily sweep orator and eloquence and audience along with it. But he is not here, and in the absence of any one like him the fitting words of praise must remain unspoken. Nevertheless it seems appropriate that, while the death of this scientist is not asked to furnish the main theme of such unadorned words as are spoken here, it may be permitted, at least, to recall to our minds some things connected with his life.

One of the first things to be noted is the type of man to which he belonged. Providence has taken care that no part of nature shall be left unexamined and unreported. The universe is divided into departments, and every department has its bureau of investigation and information. Mind is one such department. Beauty is another. Government another. Morals is another. Religion is another. Still another is that nature which the senses apprehend,—all those forms of matter from atoms to worlds. Those departments have all been here, in some shape, since the beginning of history. Those whom Providence has fitted and commissioned to work in them have not always found the same thing nor made the same report in the different ages of the world, but all have found something, and all have made some report. All the way from Plato to Emerson, there have been those who sought to know the mind and its powers. From Homer and Virgil to Shakspeare and Tennyson; from Jubal and St. Cecilia to Beethoven and Mozart; from Parrhasius to Millais, there have been those who have tried to learn the laws of beauty in all its forms and interpret them to mankind. Government has been made a study all the way from that of the patriarchs on to that of republics. From those who saw no distinction between might and right, the department of morals moved until it set forth the Golden Rule. The bureau of religion has been making its reports all the way from fetishism to worship of the Infinite. All the way from Thales to Linnaeus and Darwin,

there have been those who have tried to find out the nature and meaning of things which the eye can see and the hand can touch and the ear can hear. It is to this last class that Tyndall belongs. When the cabinet for this century was being made up he was invited to a place in the department of science.

Of his fitness for the place there can be no doubt. He was fitted by temperament. He was born with a love for nature. Whoso would understand anything must draw very close to it. Sympathy will open doors which all other keys fail to unlock. Love defies locksmiths because the hearts on either side of the door are both beating to the same music. The Knight does not want to find the sleeping Beauty, any more than she longs to be found. So nature is a kind of enchanted castle in which beauty is imprisoned, and her doors are only opened to him who loves that which is within.

Whoever reads what this man of science has written will soon see that he was not lacking in this love. He laid his ear close to the heart of nature and she whispered her secrets to him. He found always the first and also the last meaning of things. They exist not only in certain definite and mathematical relations to each other, but they exist also for thought. The definite spoke to him of the indefinite; the finite of the infinite. He believed that science was practical, but he never lost sight of its ideal quality. It must be used to turn wheels, to light cities, to cure diseases, to minister in a thousand ways to the every-day welfare of man; but it may be used as a means of intellectual culture, ministering to the soul and unfolding its immense possibilities.

No one can charge him with lack of precision; some of the clearest utterances that can be found in the literature of science fell from his lips; and yet there is a certain glow and poetical fervor in what he says which cannot be found in the writings of others upon the same themes. No other one has written with greater precision upon chemistry; yet in the coming together of the atoms he sees something more than the prose fact. It is a marriage of the particles; a kind of sacrament; and he sings the epithalamium and flings roses to celebrate the union. He was called a materialist. But seeing the world as he saw it, this was a kind of high praise instead of a condemnation, for to him matter was not the brute thing that many had called it, but was sacred. It, too, was a manifestation of the "Power which is absolutely inscrutable to the mind of man." His materialism was more religious than the spiritualism of some of those who condemned him. When among the Alps he was always the man of science; but he was the man of science plus the man of poetry and religion. The size of a glacier is accurately meas-

ured. Its speed is determined by a series of experiments with mathematical exactness. The Weisshorn, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau and the whole awful pageant of "Alps on Alps" thrusting their lonely white tops into the blue sky are described in such way that one hardly needs to go to Switzerland to see them. They are already before the eye on the printed page. And yet one does not know which is greater,—the mountains or this man's thought about them; about the universe of which they are a small part, and about the mystery of which they are a partial revelation. Sometimes in the very midst of accurate observations he is arrested by the meaning of it all and breaks out into a rhapsody which, without cutting loose from scientific accuracy, reaches the very pinnacle of poetry and religious feeling. Klopstock and Coleridge, amid the same scenes, never rose higher in reverent expression. Let us repeat some of these thoughts of his:

"Standing upon the weather-beaten spire of the Matterhorn, my thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded as the proximate source of all material things. Did that formless fog contain potentially the sadness with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the thought which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? * * * If the final goal of man has not yet been attained * * * who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and growth of divine powers. Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth * * * and ask myself, 'Is there no being in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do?' What is my answer?"

Let us find his answer in this:

"The day was perfect: not a cloud was to be seen, and the gauzy haze of the distant air, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the coloring of the distant mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over the peaks and through the valleys the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which sent their shadows in bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this one. I opened my note book to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship seemed the reasonable service."

Where can we find anything surpassing this as a sun-poem?

"As I looked over the wondrous scene I asked myself, How was this colossal work performed? Who chiseled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth. And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain slopes, thus giving gravity a plough to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty monuments, rolling them gradually seaward,

Sowing the seeds of continents to be;

so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau."

Thus his pages of science are also pages of poetry. His facts are constantly flaming up into great reverent thoughts.

Not that he was merely a speculator and weaver of theories. He was one of the most painstaking observers and careful experimenters. He spent five hours a day for twelve years in a private study of natural phenomena. He dealt with exact things,—drafting, surveying, triangulating. In chemistry, he taught Faraday some things he did not know. He made independent discoveries in thermo-dynamics. Yet he never halted with the fact until he had converted it into life. Nature was another inspired volume to him and he was constantly bending over its pages. Of him it may be said that "science was symbol and illustration" of life in all its various forms. The world was not a machine, but a wonderful living thing. Every particle of it was athrob with significance. Early in life as was written of another, Nature became his friend and guide, saying,

Here is a story book thy Father has written for thee.

Come wander with me, she said,
Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscript of God.

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear, old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhyme of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

Less has been heard of this man and his work for the last decade than for the ten or fifteen years lying just back of it. But this is not because he and his works have declined in importance. It is not because he has ceased to affect thought. But it is being affected in a more silent way.

While a storm is raging it makes a strong and aggressive impression upon the earth. It is noticed by all. While the wind is coming, blast after

blast threatening buildings and trees, while the rain is driven like bullets against the windows or is making the ground hiss by its down pour, and occasionally the darkness is rent by a vivid flash and the tumult for a moment is silenced by a peal of thunder which makes the foundations of the earth tremble, no one can remain unimpressed by it. Persons exclaim, What a storm that is! What a display of power! But after a time the uproar ceases and the earth and the human heart resume their accustomed duties. Yet the influence of the storm goes right along for many days, but in a gentler way. It is seen now as a secondary effect. Fear has given way to a kind of quiet joy. The lightning has burned up malaria. The wind has brought a new life from health-giving regions. The rain has made a deeper green in the grass and the gardens are flaunting richer colors.

Something like this has happened in the world of science. From 1860 until 1880 a storm was raging. The doctrine of evolution was trying to establish itself in the mind of mankind. The old doctrines were determined not to be displaced. The storm became a kind of battle. On the one side was force in motion. On the other force in rest. It was thought against establishment. It was the new against the old. It was science against ecclesiasticism. Thus the storm raged for twenty years. Some feared that nothing of church or religion would be left standing. But gradually the storm center moved forward and quiet returned. Now changed conditions appear. The church is still here, but it is in many ways a better church. The spiritual atmosphere has been much cleared. It is much easier to breathe than it was before.

For these changed conditions, along with others, Tyndall must be remembered with gratitude. Perhaps as much as any other one of this generation he has helped religion to free itself from superstition. He was well instructed, he was reverent, and he was always brave. His famous Belfast address marks an epoch in the long historic battle between science and superstition. Up to that time no word so clear and brave had been uttered. The gauntlet was hurled right into the midst of those who stood as the champions of the prevalent theology, and let who would take it up he did not retreat a single inch. If the age of miracles is not past, then let us have some performed, was his request. If God interferes with the order of the universe in answer to prayer, then have it done if you would silence those who deny it.

In 1858 in Switzerland, at the foot of the Rhone glacier, he met a stalwart young priest who had come thither to bless the mountains. As the official representative of the church he was deputed to make such arrangements with nature as would insure food for the herds and flocks.

that were to be pastured in the vicinity. At another time in the Tyrol a priest who feared the bursting of a glacier dam offered the sacrifice of the mass upon the ice to avert the calamity. As a Protestant, Tyndall smiled at such childish attempts to regulate the order of events. In 1865, however, England was invaded by the cattle plague and was threatened by the cholera, when an order was passed in council commanding a special form of prayer for the removal of the plague and the preservation of the country from the pestilence. To his mind the difference between the superstition of the simple priests of the Catholic church among the Alps and the educated bishops and clergymen of Protestant England was not sufficiently large to be detected with the naked eye. In substance he said as much. His attitude, as might have been expected, called forth the sharpest antagonism. Soon after came the famous "prayer test," familiar to all; a test which seems fair enough, but which never was accepted. But from all over the country, on both sides of the Atlantic, came a perfect blast of indignant protest. From elegant bishops in the great cities, down to the simple cross-roads preacher, there came answers to his daring proposition. It was thought he would not be able to withstand such a theological cyclone. But he did withstand it.

There is a story, that when Napoleon was crossing the Alps, a bugler was caught by an avalanche and swept down the mountain into the chasm below. As he felt he was going he placed the bugle to his lips and sounded the notes of "Forward;" but his comrades heard the tone become fainter and fainter until finally it ceased, silenced by the snow that piled upon him. Here the story is partly reversed. When the avalanche of tracts and sermons began to pour upon this man, he placed his bugle to his lips and blew a clear blast of "Onward." The more it raged and rushed the clearer grew his notes, until both continents heard its ringing sound.

Of course, in the heat of this debate, many severe epithets were directed toward him. Some of those who could not dislodge him from his position by argument tried to cover up their weakness by personal abuse. He was called an enemy of religion. But it could easily be proved from his writings that the charge was unfounded. His opposition was all confined to what his opponents called religion, but which he called superstition. He was called atheist, yet he said that "the scientific man has as little fellowship with the atheist who says there is no God, as with the theist who professes to know the mind of God." Accused of being a materialist, yet he said, "he bowed his head in the dust before the mystery of mind." Charged with irreverence and of ignoring religious feeling, yet he said that "reverence,

wonder and awe are woven into the texture of man; to yield satisfaction to religious sentiment is the problem of problems of the present hour." His hostility was not directed against prayer, but against the kind of prayers that were offered and the objects sought to be gained by them. He said: "It is not my habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feeling which prompts prayer. It is a power which I should like to see guided; not extinguished—devoted to practicable objects instead of wasted upon air." Many other quotations might be made from his own words which would go to show that he had all the essentials of a religion in his thought and in his practice. His whole fault must be found in that his views of religion were different from the prevailing views of his age. His crime was that he did not agree with the church authorities. It was the same crime for which Jesus was crucified and Socrates was poisoned. But time has a slow but sure way of righting such things. The crime of one age has more than once become the glory of succeeding ages.

The controversy in which he took such active and such fearless part was, of course, only another form of the great historic battle. It has hardly ceased from the days of Lucretius onward. It has not been between science and religion, but between science and theology. The latter has always assumed the right to dictate to the former. In 1616 the teaching of Copernicus was condemned by the church. Before that Bruno had been burned for teaching that there are many worlds besides the earth. Galileo was made to recant those views of the universe which were not in harmony with theology. For saying that the laws of nature must be sought in nature and not in books, Campanella was imprisoned for twenty-seven years. So this war between natural law and church miracle which we have seen waged is only one campaign of the long conflict.

The war is not over yet. But it is being fought in a different field and by different warriors. It is not now between natural science and theology so much as between theology and literature. Now we do not hear any sermons or read any articles upon miracles or upon the reconciliation of Genesis and Geology. Historic criticism, or what is fact and what is fable in the Bible, is now the point of attack and defense. But we must not forget those who stood in the front in that former conflict and won such victories for rational religion.

That they were victories no one can doubt. Not mere verbal triumphs, either, such as logicians sometimes gain over their adversaries. But triumphs of reason. Evolution is now the almost universally accepted method to account for the origin and growth of all things. The belief in the reign of law is now so widespread that it

would be difficult to find any well-informed person who would expect a miracle to be wrought in answer to prayer. Twenty-five years ago public prayer was often employed to avert or remove a public calamity. Now, in this respect, a great change is apparent. Last year, when the cholera threatened to invade America, the cities did not order days of prayer to ward it off. Instead of that they established a more rigid quarantine and cleaned their streets. A day of prayer was observed for the recovery of Garfield. It is the last of such occasions which the memory now recalls. The wounded President died in spite of the prayers, which may have done something to confirm the distrust, which was already in the mind, of the efficacy of such an agent in saving from death those whose blood is poisoned. We read now with a smile that when Halley's comet appeared in 1456, the Pope ordered the church bells of Europe to be rung to scare the monster away. An additional prayer was also ordered to assist the bells. The comet disappeared and the faithful thought that the noise and the prayers had driven it away. When some of our descendants read that we tried to drive the grasshoppers out of Minnesota and to end a long drought and to cure a fatal wound with prayer, the pitying smile will linger for a moment upon their faces.

Whether we shall ever have a religion which will yield to exact demonstration as do the problems of mathematics, we do not know. Probably not; there will always be a point where logic will halt and hope and imagination must plume themselves for an onward flight. But that we may have a religion full of all rational qualities seems to be assured. Its inferences will all proceed from reasonable premises. Its prophecies will all grow out of its experiences. It will repose where everything else reposes—upon the basis of natural law. As thus the worlds are sustained, the tides rise and recede, the snow falls and the rain, the clouds come and go, the mists veil the mountains and the thunder rolls amid the hills, the heart beats and the cheek flushes, golden hair covers the head of youth and white hair the head of age,—as all other things are moved and sustained by law, so will religion be created and sustained. Its miracles will be found in the constancy of seed time and harvest and in the steady flow of life through all things. Its sacraments will be the doing of duty. The laws will be its Providence. Its church will be the meeting place of great thoughts about God and great love for man. Its hopes, its prayers, its hymns will accord with nature. They will be as graceful as the curve of the sky, free as the flow of rivers and glad as the spring sunshine.

Such a religion can only give unbounded confidence to all who make

it theirs. So sane, so grand, so far-reaching seems the Divine Order of the universe that all good must be contained in it. The same Power that fashions the cradle of man upon the earth fashions the grave. The love that bends over one bends over the other. Birth, life, death are natural steps in the order of Providence; and a life after death seems no more marvelous than the life before death. It fits well with that plan which, working through the ages, has formed the soul and inspired it with such mighty hopes.

The Study Table

A Sketch of the Apostolic Church.*

In one respect this little book reminds us forcibly of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, for its dangerous innovations are relegated to the margin instead of being welcomed frankly into the text. After acknowledging that the passage in Acts describing the "speaking with tongues" can have no other meaning than that the disciples were endowed with the power of speaking unlearned languages, the author goes on to say, in a foot note, that "The most simple and common explanation offered by those who cannot accept this as real history is," etc. (p. 74). In discussing the second visit of Paul to Jerusalem (Acts xi. 27-30) he says frankly, "A satisfactory explanation of this contradiction [with Paul's own account in Galatians] has not yet been made," and then comes a foot note—"Of course, for one who admits that it is possible for the author of the Acts to have made a mistake, the passage presents no difficulty," etc. (p. 116). Again, in the delicate matter of Paul's relation to the Law and its bearing upon the credibility of the Acts, he says in a foot note—"If the account in Acts xxi. 17-26 is true, etc. * * * Others may decide whether this is contradictory to Paul's principle as expressed in his authentic letters" (pp. 157, 158). It would have been very much better if the author had decided these questions for himself, and given us clearly and unmistakably his opinion as to the real value of his chief source, "The Acts of the Apostles." There is a provoking gingerliness about his handling of this critical problem: on p. 270 we learn that with the death of Paul we "leave sure history for the uncertain and conflicting traditions, etc."—does he mean to imply that the book of the Acts is sure history? On p. 65, speaking of the use of the Old Testament in the New he informs us that the writers "applied many passages to him [Jesus] which we, without their guidance, would not regard as real proofs of his Messiahship"—would he have us accept them as real proofs *with their guidance*? There are so many instances of inde-

cision, stopping short of a seemingly irresistible conclusion and declining the responsibility of a positive opinion where traditional views are involved, that one becomes a trifle impatient, especially as in other cases the author goes beyond the limits of certainty. It may be that the Sergius Paulus referred to by Pliny as one of his authorities is the proconsul whom Paul met at Paphos, but our author is much surer about it (p. 120) than Lightfoot was and than the facts seem to warrant. Is it quite certain that Suetonius says, "The Emperor expelled the Jews from Rome some time between the years 48-51 A. D. (p. 51)? Moreover, our author's authority for the statement that in the second century, in Asia Minor, "the heathen temples were deserted, the animals of sacrifice remained unsold" (p. 195), must be Pliny, who testifies only to the condition of his own province of Pontus-Bithynia. Again, Mr. Thatcher says that during Paul's three years in Arabia "undoubtedly he spent his time there in preaching Christ" (p. 110) and for proof refers to p. 206, where he argues that unless Paul had been preaching before his first visit to Jerusalem his enemies might have contended that he began his work only with Peter's permission. But Paul's own account of his stay at Damascus, after his return, seems to prove that even if he had not preached in Arabia he had become conspicuous as a preacher in Damascus, and the Acts confirms this view (ix. 22-25, cf. also xxvi. 20). It cannot be denied that the "fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus" (1 Cor. xv. 32) may be taken literally, but in that case the omission of so frightful an experience from the catalogue of hardships in 2 Cor. xi. 25 is certainly remarkable. On p. 123 it is said that after being stoned the apostle *withdrew to Lystra*, when of course we should read to *Derbe*. On p. 163 we are told that "Asia was the name of the Roman province which was formed by the three ancient divisions, Lydia, Caria, and Lycia," where for Lycia we ought to substitute Mysia, as on p. 191. It would not be strange, however, if the latter blunder were a printer's error, like those on p. 272, where for 140 we should probably read 110 (?), and p. 307, where for 45 we should certainly read 35.

The style of the book is unusually clear and readable, but occasionally it is so loose as to be slipshod. It makes a reader rub his eyes to find such sentences as these in a book published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "There was nothing else so dangerous . . . than the proclamation of a Messiah" (p. 111). "All them that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord" (p. 195). "The whole Old Dispensation, with all its authorities, were forever done away" (p. 291).

In signs and omens "men mark the hits but not the misses"; in re-

viewing a book like this the danger is of marking the misses and not the hits. From that danger this review has not escaped. What has been already said makes it evident that the book must be read with caution, but it certainly ought to be read. In many respects it is unsurpassed in its delineations of the apostolic age. In its grasp upon the general situation, upon the forces that were at work to make of Christianity a world religion, and especially in its presentation of "The Burning Question" in regard to Christianity and Judaism, this book has no equal (in like compass) that I know of in English. What if one find—

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines, Its body so to speak; *its soul is right.*

May I especially recommend this book to students who are following the Six Years' Course, in preparation for the closing lessons of the fourth year upon the general subject of the Apostolic Church? W. W. F.

"SERMONS FOR THE CHURCH." By Caleb Davis Bradlee, D. D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 275. \$1.25.

The twenty-five sermons which Dr. Bradlee has gathered into this volume are practical rather than doctrinal. They do not attempt the solution of difficult problems, but only the enforcement of plain duties. But though the emphasis is on life rather than on theological opinion, there is a theology implied as the basis of the exhortations. It is the theology of the early Unitarianism of New England. The preacher is evidently untroubled by Biblical criticism or scientific questioning. Pure religion can be obtained by the simple process of going back to the thought and practice of the primitive Christian church.

The point of view of the sermons may be learned from the following extract: "Let us go back to Nazareth, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, to all Judea and to all Syria, let us go back to the first Christian church, at its early start, and we will learn all that is necessary about the great Ruler of the heavens and the earth, while much that obscures our faith at the present hour will be entirely thrown into oblivion." Dr. Bradlee, with all his fine tolerance of disposition, distrusts the promise of a new theology, for, "the old discourse about God came through the Father by the Son, and was ratified as a complete revelation at the time of its grand, majestic, and final disclosure." He protests vigorously against any theory "that strives to emasculate the New Testament, that makes Jesus only one among many teachers, and not a perfect character that can never be copied."

Though one may well take exception to the intellectual attitude, the ethical and spiritual elements so predominate in these sermons as to give them real value. There are none of

*A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH. BY OLIVER J. THATCHER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 312.

the "pale negations" or cold understatements supposed to be characteristic of Unitarian preaching. On the contrary, there is an evangelical fervor of appeal and a love of strong statement which sometimes borders on exaggeration. The style is often too diffuse for the printed page, but one can see that it would be effective from the pulpit.

The sermons are wholesome and helpful. The sermons on "The Coronation of Failure" and "Spiritual Climbing" will be especially remembered as giving the inspiration to renewed effort.

S. M. C.

STUDIES OF TRAVEL: GREECE. Ditto: ITALY. By Edward A. Freeman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1893. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 24mo, pp. 286 and 321. 75 cents each.—These papers, prepared by the great historian's daughter, are a republication of a series of papers contributed to the *Saturday Review*, the *Guardian* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* during the author's travels in Greece in 1877 and in Italy in 1881 and 1883. They may, perhaps, be regarded as the diversions of an historian. Full of rich allusion and keen comment they are highly suggestive to the general reader or to the historian, and have a special value for those who would themselves visit the remains of the early Greek and Italian civilization. Perhaps Freeman's greatest merit as an historian was that saneness and wholeness of view (if the expression be permissible) which would not permit the most famous period of the history of a place or people to obscure its less famous days. This is seen frequently in these papers, where he protests against the heedless destruction of the monuments of mediæval Greece in the effort to "restore" classical Greece. It also shows itself in the fondness with which he dwells on the neglected but important pre-Roman period of the Italian cities. We commend the books to lovers of history, archæology and travel.

F. W. S.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. By Wm. T. Stead. Annual of the Review of Reviews for 1893. Paper, 1s.

Mr. Stead's story belongs to the "Looking Backward" order, and is devoted to showing how much might be done for society by a properly conducted daily paper, backed by great wealth. In it he sets forth not only the possibilities of his ideal Daily Paper, but also of the Civic Church. Everything centers about the paper, because he regards this as the age of journalism. Mr. Stead has shown himself an earnest reformer, and, we believe, a successful business man, and he is therefore entitled to a hearing, even though many of his ideas seem—and are—wildly visionary. Some of the suggestions in this book are very helpful; others are highly impracticable, if not undesirable. We shall not spoil the reader's

possible enjoyment by telling the story upon which his ideas are strung. He himself figures in it under the name of Jasper Sterling. We think he has given us the key to his life,—that which is, in a way, at once its strength and its weakness,—in the statement somewhere made in this book, to the effect that nothing—be it good or be it evil—succeeds without sensationalism.

Of course the book was hastily written, and has many artistic blemishes. Like the old-fashioned story books which constantly drag a certain number of alleged nautical phrases into the conversation of their sailors, whether or not they are in place, Mr. Stead has put a few hoary expressions and peculiar modes of speech into the mouths of certain of his characters, which may at first surprise his American readers; but his English readers will understand at once—they are "Americanisms." Fortunately Mr. Stead has not consistently subjected his American characters to the use of these forms of speech. When they have thus declared their nationality and Mr. Stead gets interested in what he is making them say, this stage property is dropped, and they are permitted to talk English—at least such English as Mr. Stead himself uses. Now and again we find such abrupt transitions of thought as hint at a hasty "cutting" down of the original manuscript or else at a somewhat erratic working of the author's mind. But we must remember that this Christmas story was not put forth as a work of art, but that it is professedly a "purpose novel."

F. W. S.

MONEY FOUND: RECOVERED FROM ITS HIDING PLACES, AND PUT INTO CIRCULATION THROUGH CONFIDENCE IN GOVERNMENT BANKS. By Thomas E. Hill, author of the Hill Banking System. Revised edition, with a glossary of financial terms and general information relating to finance. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 121. 75 cents.—The title indicates the character and purpose of this treatise. The book is fully indexed, and some twenty-five pages are given to the glossary and tables of information relating to finance. The tendency of the treatise is to attribute undue importance to financial systems in their influence upon the prosperity and happiness of the people, and accordingly to make extravagant claims for the results of his system. But disregarding this extravagance of the too enthusiastic reformer, it is well for us to examine fairly his plan,—which is that the national government should establish a large number of banks throughout the country, which should pay 3 per cent. on time deposits, and loan at 4 per cent. The author sets forth numerous advantages to come from this, but the chief are that confidence in the government would lead to the emptying of all the "old stockings" into the banks, and thus make all the currency in existence available,

and that the result would be an active and elastic currency, conducing greatly to the stability of industry and commerce and the uniform prosperity of all classes.

F. W. S.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED for the first quarter of 1894 is an interesting magazine for all students of economics and social science. The report of the annual meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Profit-Sharing is interesting reading, as are also Mr. N. O. Nelson's paper "Through Profit-Sharing to Co-operation," and Mr. C. H. D'E. Leppington's "More than One Solution of the Labor Problem," which is taken from the *Contemporary Review* for last September. Mr. Nelson's utterances are especially deserving of attention because of his practical work. The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, established in St. Louis, Mo., is a strong business house conducted on profit-sharing principles. During the business depression of last year it was thought wise to cut down expenses, and it was proposed by Mr. Nelson and agreed to by the men, that wages and profits should temporarily be reduced 25 per cent. October 1, after this reduction had continued three months, business justified a return to the former rates, and late in December it was announced that the business had so much improved that the one-fourth held back during the summer would be paid. Another feature of this number is a review of Prof. Gide's "Co-operative Movement in France During the Last Ten Years," which appeared in the *Revue d'Economie Politique*. From this it would appear that the French magazine *L'Emancipation* would be very useful to those who desire to study Co-operation and Profit-Sharing in that country in connection with other social questions.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE. Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. I. 1774-1779. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, large 8vo, pp. 445. \$2.50.

A SYMPHONY OF THE SPIRIT. Compiled by George S. Merriam. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 116. \$1.00.

HISTORIANS OF JUDAISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Dr. E. Schreiber. Chicago: Occident Pub. Co. 32-page 8vo pamphlet.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 235. \$1.00.

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The Home

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SUN.—Love is God and dies not.

MON.—It is not the eye but the force behind it that rules.

TUES.—Law is the sequence of Creative Thought.

WED.—Spirit gathers power from its anchorage to the physical.

THURS.—He who suffers most from selfishness, is the one who is selfish.

FRI.—The lesson to learn is the well-doing of present duty.

SAT.—All worlds are made better when one individual atom is made better.

—From "Three Sevens," by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. M. M. Phelon.

Boxer and Dixie.

Can you guess to whom those names belong? No! Well, I will tell you—a dog and a cat. "Boxer" is the cutest little dog you ever saw. He is white, with light-brown ears, and one spot on his body. His tail—it is hardly any tail at all, so short and curled up like a pig's is it; but his eyes make up for the shortness of the tail, as they are large, and of beautiful dark color. He fairly talks with his eyes! Did you ever see a pair of speaking eyes? I have, and they are his, and quite as lovely as those in the head of a human being.

"Dixie" was a large white and gray cat, and those two animals were the best of friends. They would romp together, Dixie never getting vexed with Boxer, though he would pull her around by the ears or tail, just as he fancied.

These two playmates ate dinner together, too, but I am afraid that Boxer got the largest share, as he could eat so much faster; still Dixie had her share of bread and milk at supper, which Boxer did not. One day their dinner was all ready, so was Boxer, but Dixie was nowhere to be found. We called and called, still no Dixie came. We at last said, "Boxer, where is Dixie?" At this he pricked up his ears, and went to the door, as much as to say, "I am looking, but do not see her; do give me my dinner!" "No, not before Dixie comes—Go, fetch her, Boxer! go fetch Dixie."

With that he rushed into the yard, and presently we heard her mewing. Lo! there was Boxer dragging her in by the hind leg as fast as he could. He was so hungry that he could not possibly wait for her to take her own time. He had found her asleep, and must needs help her along faster than she felt like coming.

Poor Dixie went off many years ago, and never came back. We are afraid some bad boy got hold of her, and killed her. Boxer is still with

us, and has had several playmates since, though to none has he been so attached. He is just as smart and knowing as he ever was, though nearly nine years old.

—Exchange.

Herb Molly.

In a corner of one of the great markets of Philadelphia a little stall was for years occupied by an old Scotch woman. She sold only heads of lettuce and herbs, but few as crisp and fresh were to be found in the city. Sometimes the other hucksters urged her to "spread out" into the larger vegetables.

"Na, na!" she would say. "I ken my salats an' my herbs. I dinna ken th' ither. I suld cheat or be cheated wi' them."

Herb Molly never wronged any one of a penny. Her sense of justice was so fine and so long proved that disputes in the market were brought to her to decide. Customers who stopped once to buy the fresh, crisp leaves from the tidy old body always came again. Something in the withered face which looked out from under the white cap went with them, and drew them to her again. More than one busy housekeeper would go a mile out of her way to buy from Old Molly.

"It's not only that her herbs are fresh and delicious," one said, "but it rests me to speak to her. She is only an ignorant woman, but so true, so friendly! It's the kindest soul in the world that looks out of her eyes."

In the twenty years during which she sat in the quiet corner she gradually became a power in the market. Noisy people lowered their voices in their bargaining when they spoke to her. Even Big Pete, the butcher and "rough," made her his confidante.

It was to Molly the women carried their troubles about sick babies and drunken husbands. It was Molly who coaxed Big Pete's boy to give up liquor, and who saved more than one girl in the market who was going astray. She lived alone. These rough folk were the only children she had. She had love enough in her old heart to mother them all.

But the thing which gave her such extraordinary power over them, was that God was so real to her.

"She don't preach," one woman said, "but Jesus is with her all the time. She talks to him, she knows him."

"I don't know notin' of priests or preachers." Big Pete used to say, "but I believe in Molly's God."

Molly died the other day. There was no notice in any paper to show that a power for good had gone silently out of the world. But her empty corner was swept and closed that day, and over every stall in the market hung a scrap of black. One man whom she had brought back to decency and happiness said:

"A woman may sit as a huckster in

this market and yet be one of the angels of God."

That was her only funeral sermon.
—Youth's Companion.

An Easy Place.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had no place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you: and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning of life's course.—Christian Herald.

LEMONS are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands, they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them and then rinse them briskly in water until they are clean. In countries where oranges grow in great plenty, country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two and the juicy side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot and a bright polish at once appears.—American Youth.

Kitty Knew About Sheep.

Seven sheep were standing

By the pasture wall.

"Tell me," said the teacher

To her scholars small,

"One poor sheep was frightened,

Jumped, and ran away,

One from seven—how many

Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—

A farmer's daughter she,

Not so bright at figures

As she ought to be.

"Please, ma'am"—"Well, then, Kitty,

Tell us, if you know."

"Please, if one jumped over,

All the rest would go."

—Exchange.

A Pound of Facts

is worth oceans of theories. Fact first: More infants are successfully raised on the Eagle brand condensed milk than upon any other food. Fact second: They are subject to less sickness than others. Fact third: The Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is therefore unequaled as an infant food.

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The Sunday School

The Western Sunday School Society.

The Western Sunday School Society held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, Feb. 6. There were present Messrs. Gould, Kerr, Jones and Scheible; Mesdames Leonard, Lord and Perkins.

The Secretary's report was accepted, as was also the Treasurer's, which showed several annual contributions from Sunday schools.

The revision of the Service Book, Unity Service and Songs, was discussed, and it was suggested that it would be desirable, before publishing, to submit the revision to the criticism of interested and qualified friends.

The outline of the coming year's lessons, to be prepared by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, was presented and considered. M. H. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Sunday School Items.

BORROWING OUR LESSONS.

The *Church News* is the name of the parish paper published by the First Universalist Church of Minneapolis, one of the most enterprising of the liberal societies in the West. The January and February numbers of this periodical are especially interesting because of a new departure in Sunday-school work. The church has given up the International Lessons and is publishing a course of its own, a course which has now been adopted by the "Sunday School Association," as we learn from the February *Church News*. How admirable this new course is UNITY readers can easily understand from the fact that the lessons are largely made up from our publication, the January numbers being mostly from Gannett's *Childhood of Jesus* (Unity Sunday School Lessons, No. 17); while the four February numbers are reprinted almost *verbatim* from Mann's *Studies of Jesus* (Unity Sunday School Lessons, No. 13), and Horton's *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*, issued by the Boston Unitarian Sunday School Society. We are glad to see our material put to such excellent use. The only criticism we have to make is that the reader of the February *Church News* would be sure to think that the lessons had been prepared expressly for that periodical by Rev. N. M. Mann, Mrs. Kate L. Brown, and Rev. Edward A. Horton.

A. W. G.

Notes from the field

Cleveland, Ohio.—On Feb 18 and 25 Rev. G. L. Cary, L. H. D., President of Meadville Theological School, will preach morning and evening on "The Birthright of the Race," "Ideals," "The Beauty of Self-Sacrifice," and "Proverbs." The Sunday school is engaged with Mr. Fenn's Lessons. The teachers' meeting is held Friday afternoon. This is the religious study class of the

church, open to all who are interested in the cause. The young men's class, under Prof. Benjamin, is studying Hebrew History and Travel.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Rev. H. Digby Johnston preached an inspiring New Year's sermon on the parable of the barren fig tree. The title of the sermon was itself enough to recommend it, and it has since been printed in pamphlet form. It is called, "Life, Not Death, Man's True Care."

Manistee, Mich.—Services were held in the church here on Jan. 28 by Rev. C. F. Elliott, and on Feb. 4 by the Western Secretary. At the latter date a meeting of those interested in liberal religion was held, and a committee of ten of the younger people appointed to canvass the city with a view to securing a minister and recommencing the regular services. The seats will be free now, and the income will be derived from weekly subscriptions. The committee took hold of the work enthusiastically, and there is little doubt that this beautiful church will soon be once more a center of intellectual and spiritual life for the community.

A. W. G.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams will occupy the pulpit here on Feb. 18. She is a colored woman of rare ability, who spoke with great acceptance in the World's Congress of Representative Women and in the Parliament of Religions, and she has filled other liberal pulpits successfully. The money for the new church has all been raised and the contract has now been let for erecting the building. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hubbard recently presented them with an autograph quilt, as a slight testimonial of the debt of gratitude the church owed them. The presentation address was a graceful and ingenious poem by Miss Bartlett. She succeeded in getting in all the names of the donors without showing any traces of "patch-work" in the verse.

Baraboo, Wis.—This church, under the efficient charge of Rev. Robert C. Douthit for several months past, has been moving along very satisfactorily, with good results and growing interest among our people. The Unity Club meets fortnightly. From a small beginning it has become quite strong, and much interest is manifested by the members. A look-up league was organized early in January, continuing with good indications of life and growth.

Duluth, Minn.—During the first three weeks in January the minister of the Unitarian church will preach on Sunday mornings in St. Paul, returning to Duluth in time for the evening service. There will be no morning service at the church on those Sundays. The Sunday school will meet as usual at 12 m., and the class in Comparative Religions at 7 p. m.

Mr. Southworth's evening subjects will be: The Religion of the Savage, The Religion of Greece, The Religion of Buddha, The Religion of Israel, The Religion of Jesus, and The Religion of the Future.

Detroit, Minn.—We learn that the liberal movement here is steadily growing. It still holds its meetings in a hall, but it has organized a good Sunday school and an active Ladies' Aid Society. And with Miss Putnam to preach for them every other Sunday

they hardly feel the need of a settled minister.

St. Paul, Minn.—From the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* we quote the following editorial:

The announcement of the resignation of Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Unity Church, with a view to accept a call to the leading Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass., will be received with general regret, not only by his own congregation, but by the community in general. They will be sorry to part with him, because he has long been recognized as a leader among the wholesome intellectual and moral forces which are enlisted on different sides of the grand work of education in St. Paul in its higher and nobler senses. He has turned away from so many brilliant and tempting inducements to leave St. Paul for rich and influential churches in the great centers, that it was hoped he might regard it as his duty to refuse all new offers that might come to him from whatever quarter. But it is impossible not to recognize the force of the consideration stated in his letter of resignation, which led him to accept a call from Cambridge. What he may be able to do for Unitarianism in such a center of intellectual activity is of small consequence to the *Pioneer Press*; but as representing all the influences that contribute to the material and social welfare of St. Paul, it expresses the general public feeling in saying that the departure of Mr. Crothers will be deeply regretted as a sensible loss to the city, and that even in Cambridge he will be a valuable acquisition to the intellectual elite of that great seat of culture.

The letter of resignation, to which it refers, is as follows:

With deep regret over the necessity of breaking the ties that have bound me here, I write to present my resignation of the pastorate of Unity Church, in order that I may accept a call which I have received from the First Parish Church of Cambridge, Mass.

I can here only indicate the considerations that have been decisive. I have long been convinced that there was the possibility of a work being done by the Unitarian minister in Cambridge of peculiar importance and urgency. To adequately impress any considerable portion of the young men at the university with the vital power of liberal religion would give to our cause the kind of re-enforcement it greatly needs. At no other point did it seem to me that there was such an opportunity to influence not simply the present, but also the future. So long as this, however, was simply a somewhat vague possibility and so long as I had no means of estimating my own fitness for such work I could easily put the matter aside. Last spring my answer to those who urged it upon me was, in effect, "I fully agree with your estimate of the importance of the work which might be done if you could find the right man to do it. I have, however, no sufficient evidence that it is my work."

Since my recent visit to Cambridge I am no longer able to say this. I see a definite work to be done, which seems to me to be of the utmost importance to our cause. It has come to me in a personal way, so that I must definitely accept or reject it. To reject it would be for me to reject the opportunity of doing the largest service which my own judgment tells me I could do for Unitarianism in America. My present decision is the result of the new evidence which has come to me and which appears to me to be conclusive.

I need not tell you at what cost this decision is made. During more than seven years I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. To part with friends such as I have found here would seem like sacrilege were I to do so for any reason that did not seem imperative. In presenting my resignation I would ask that it may take effect on the first of June of the present year.

I inclose a communication written before I received the formal call to Cambridge, and which gives more in detail my reasons for my present action.

With the deepest appreciation of all that binds me to St. Paul, I ask you to believe that it is nothing short of what seems to me a call to a more urgent and necessary work that moves me. Very sincerely,

S. M. CROTHERS.

Oakland, Cal.—From the weekly calendar of the First Unitarian Church we learn that Superintendent Wendte has now an assistant in his pastoral work. On the morning of Sunday, Feb. 4, Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes preached what we take to be her inaugural sermon, Mr. Wendte preaching in the evening; and on the Wednesday following a reception was given to the new assistant pastor. The calendar is prefaced by selections from 2 Kings

xxii. 12-15, and Rom. xvi. 1, referring to woman as prophet and minister.

St. Louis, Mo.—On Feb. 4 Rev. John C. Learned's widow occupied the pulpit which he had so long filled. From the *St. Louis Republic* we take the following abstract of her address:

I have chosen to-day as the subject for which I ask your attention, "The Ground of Our Faith, or, Why Have We Any Confidence in Things Unproved or Unprovable?" In what can we put the trust of our hearts when we are sore tired, and how may we gain a living faith sufficient to carry us through times of disquiet, distraction and gloom, to keep us steadfast when mysteries enshroud us, willing to live when release from all earthly service would be easier? The answer is faith, but to define it is as little possible as to tell what life is or to explain love. It eludes definition. It is more than expectation; it is more than hope. "It is the assurance of things hoped for; the proving of things not seen." It is not knowledge, but rests on knowledge.

Mrs. Learned's talk dealt with faith, applying it to every-day life, and in conclusion she quoted:

A child's kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad. A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich. A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong. Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.

The address was warmly received.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Unitarian Club of Philadelphia has recently removed its book-room to 1102 Walnut street; and on the afternoon of the 16th inst. the ladies of the House and Entertainment Committee entertained the members and friends of the club at a most enjoyable 5 o'clock tea. The regular meeting of the club was held on Thursday evening last, when "The Duties of Citizenship" were discussed by several speakers. President Harned spoke of "The Corruption of Politics," and introduced as the first speaker Mr. C. R. Woodruff, Secretary of the Municipal League, an organization formed to further the cause of good government by separating city politics from those of the State and nation. Mr. Woodruff said that the misgovernment of which we complain so justly is due primarily to the supineness of the people. It is the duty of every one of us to take as much interest in public affairs as in our own private business. A city is a great corporation, of which the citizens are the stockholders; and they should watch their municipal interests just as closely as they do those connected with banks or railroad companies. Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, the next speaker, regretted the inapplicability of many of his remarks to the majority of the audience, because of the inability of women to vote. Still they are just as much interested in the question of good paving and clean streets, pure water and good light, as the men; and he rejoiced to see that many women are interesting themselves in civic affairs. Every inch of apathy on such subjects on the part of reputable citizens means a foot of ground for anarchy to stand on. We look anxiously in the morning paper for the latest news from the Sandwich Islands, and pay no attention to the defective paving or drainage of the street before our door, which may be breeding disease and bringing death to our children. And the trouble is largely because we will persist in electing to city offices men who are the tools of the self-constituted leaders of national parties, who take this means to pay their political debts and keep themselves in power, drawing from the office-holders they have

placed in office the corruption fund which has come to be such a powerful factor in our politics. This condition of things is unknown in the country, and is possible only in the cities. The only remedy is to take city affairs entirely out of party politics by building up a strong municipal party, devoted exclusively to them.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who, unexpectedly to himself and to the club, found it possible to be present, expressed his gratification that a Unitarian club, representing Unitarian churches, should give countenance to such a mundane subject, which, however, he rejoiced to believe, was rapidly becoming the real province of religion: for, when we are attending to the proper discharge of our homely daily duties, with a desire for the advancement of mankind, we are attending to our religious duties. The Old Testament prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others, were really political reformers, who, like the young men to whom he had listened so gladly, saw the corruption that existed in the state, and set themselves to effect a reform. He rejoiced especially in the efforts that were being made to inculcate patriotism in the school children. It is well that they should be taught to love the flag of their country. But that is not enough. They should be made to feel that they are citizens of the world, and that there is something greater even than patriotism,—the love of the whole human family. When a man is wounded, the red-cross flag protects him, and is respected by all civilized nations. There should be a universal flag, which should protect humanity, irrespective of race, creed, or condition. The future historian will regard the year 1893 as the crowning year of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and the World's Parliament of Religions as the crowning glory of that year, making the commencement of a new era of "peace on earth, good will to men." Mr. Jones' address was listened to with great attention, and greeted with frequent outbursts of applause.—*Christian Register*.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. J. H. Crooker is preaching during February, morning and evening, on such inspiring themes as "The New Universe," "The More Glorious Humanity," "The Rediscovery of Jesus." The interest is unabated in his work. Rarely does a man of such exact scholarship have the gift of clear and eloquent statement which he possesses. He satisfies the requirements of the most fastidious, and yet has attractive and inspiring thought for the less cultivated.

New Haven, Conn.—Rev. Perry Marshall's lecture on The Problem of the Unemployed was enthusiastically received in the Church of the Messiah, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6. Clergymen present expressed agreement with his views of the nationalization of monopolies, and a hope to hear from him often. The morning papers gave extended reports.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IDA, in search of a book to read, attracted by its bright binding, selected Pope's "Essay on Man." After vainly trying to read and comprehend it she laid it aside, saying with a sigh: "It may be easy on man, but it's hard on children."—*Housekeeper's Weekly*.

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